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## WALTZING.

As many of the retired matrons of this country unskilled in "gestic lore," are doubtless ignorant of the movements and figures of this modest exhibition, I will endeavour to give some account of it, in order that they may learn what odd capers their daughters sometimes cut, when from under their guardian wings. On a signal being given by the music, the gentleman seizes the lady round her waist; the lady, scorning to be outdone in courtesy, very politely takes the gentleman round the neck, with one arm resting against his shoulder, to prevent encroachments. Away then they go, about, and about, and about—"About what, Sir?" About the room, Madam, to be sure. The whole economy of this dance consists in turning round and round the room, in a certain measured step; and it is truly astonishing that this continued revolution does not set all their heads swimming like a top; but I have been positively assured, that it only occasions a gentle sensation which is marvellously agreeable. In the course of this circumvolution, the dancers, in order to give the charm of novelty, are continually changing their relative situations:—now the gentleman, meaning no harm in the world, I assure you, Madam, carelessly flings his arm about the lady's neck, with an air of celestial impudence; and anon the lady, meaning as little harm as the gentleman, takes him round the waist, with most ingenuous modest languishment, to the great delight of numerous spectators and amateurs, who generally form a ring, as the mob do about a pair of amazons pulling caps, or a couple of fighting mastiffs. After continuing this divine intercourse of hands, arms, &c. for half an hour or so, the lady begins to tire, and with "eyes upraised," in most bewitching languor, petitions her partner for a little more support.—This is always given without hesitation. The lady leans gently on his shoulder; their arms entwine in a thousand seducing mischievous curves—don't be alarmed, Madam—closer and closer they approach each other, and, in conclusion, the parties being overcome with ecstatic fatigue, the lady seems almost sinking into the gentleman's arms, and then—"Well, Sir! what then?"—"Oh, dear, Madam, how should I know."

BY LORD BYRON ON SEEING A LADY WALTZ.

What! the Girl I adore by another embraced!  
What! the balm of her breath shall another man taste!  
What! touched in a twirl by another man's knee!  
What! panting recline on another than me!  
Sir, she's yours; from the grape you have press'd the soft blue,  
From the rose you've shaken its tremulous dew,  
What you've touch'd you may take—  
Pretty Waltzer, Adieu!

## IRISH MELODY.

Oh! harp of my country, too oft have thy numbers  
Awoke but to discord, thro' mischief and strife;  
Dear symbol, for ever remain in thy slumbers,  
Or burst with fresh impulse, fresh feeling to life.

Around thee assemble those spirits so daring,  
Whose hearts burn for glory—whose deeds all untried,  
Shall yet be the theme of thy song and thy story—  
Shall add their fresh laurels to Erin their pride.

Oh! teach them that mild, as their own native climate,  
Their ranks may not cherish one venomous soul;  
Oh! teach their kind hearts to contemplate and aim at  
A time not far distant when all shall be whole.

Then, then, shall thy sons and thy daughters inherit  
The blessings that virtue and honor can yield;  
Then, then, shall they shine in their own native merit,  
The first in the senate, the first in the field.

And the lays of thy glory once more be resounded  
In halls filled with beauty, and valor, and worth,  
Whilst thy peace-pealing notes shall be wildly rebounded  
From the vales of the south to the hills of the north.

Then, harp of my country! again shall thy numbers  
Re-peal in the cottage, the castle, and hall,  
Whilst thy soul-stirring music shall wake from their slumbers

The bards of old Tara—the sons of Fingal!

Armagh.

"SEMPER FIDELIS."

## DUBLIN SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Dublin was at that day the most jovial and joyous city in the King's dominions! There was nobody in it sick, sore, or sorry! Trade was good, taxes were light, and provisions cheap. A gentleman could import for his own use the best claret the cellars of Bourdeaux could supply, and drink it at his own table at the rate, in price, of six pence a bottle. The innkeeper, who paid a duty, could afford to sell it at from two shillings to two and six pence; and excellent port at eighteen shillings or a guinea a dozen. During eight months in the year, Dublin was filled with a resident nobility and gentry, liberal, and hospitable, and expensive in their habits; and scenes were then and there acted, in which individuals of the first class in society were the performers, that might challenge comparison with the most whimsical freaks of the Second Charles and his favourite Rochester, or even rival the adventures of Prince Henry and the fat knight of Gadshill. Absentees of large property were comparatively few. They did not then, as now, crowd the streets of Florence, Rome, and Naples. Paris was the principal resort, and the *ultima Thule* of their foreign travels. How limited in distance were their excursions may be inferred from the wonder excited in Dublin by a voyage made to Jerusalem by the late Mr. Thomas Whaley, the brother of the Countess of Clare.—Mr. Whaley boasted his intention to visit that city, but his friends, although aware of the eccentricity of his character, were incredulous. An aeronaut now taking flight to the moon, would not be considered more frantic or extravagant. One of Mr. Whaley's friends proposed a bet of £500 that he would not complete this extraordinary, and, in his opinion, dangerous and impracticable journey. Mr. Whaley accepted the bet, went and returned from Jerusalem, won the £500, and with it a title.

## APHORISMS.

The child that is permitted to run a pin through a fly, is already prepared to run a dagger through the heart of his fellow-creature.

Nobility may exist in name—the sovereign may confer titles—the herald blazon out the descent—but solid glory, and real greatness, are inseparably connected with virtue.

The wealth I require is the wealth of the heart—

The smiles of affection are riches to me. OPIE.

Those only who have felt what it was to have the genial current of their souls chilled by neglect, or changed by unkindness, can sympathize in the feelings of wounded affection, when the overflowings of a generous heart are confined in the limits of its own bosom.

The spider's most attenuated thread is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie of earthly bliss—it breaks at every breeze. YOUNG.

## EUROPE IN 1833.

STATES.	Surface in Square Miles.	Population.	Revenue in Pounds Sterling.	Public Debt in Pounds Sterling.
EUROPE N. EUROPE				
British Empire, ..	121,200	23,400,000	63,000,000	838,000,000
Sweden and Norway, ..	297,000	3,866,000	1,792,000	8,248,000
Denmark, ..	22,000	1,950,000	1,650,000	11,184,000
E. EUROPE				
Russian Empire, ..	1,997,000	52,625,000	16,495,000	55,608,000
Poland, ..	48,800	3,900,000	..	..
Cracow (Republic) ..	496	114,000	..	..
Turkey in Europe ..	180,000	8,200,000	10,310,000	4,124,000
Greece ..	58,750	3,400,000	..	..
Ionian Islands, ..	1,000	247,000	151,000	..
C. EUROPE				
France, ..	205,000	32,000,000	40,784,000	190,680,000
Austrian Empire, ..	258,000	32,000,000	14,433,000	60,206,000
Prussia, ..	107,000	12,464,000	8,866,000	29,960,000
German Confederation ..	91,810	13,612,000	11,020,000	28,494,000
Netherlands, ..	25,000	6,143,000	6,674,000	156,700,000
Swiss Confederation, ..	14,900	1,980,000	412,000	..
S. EUROPE				
Spain, ..	183,000	13,900,000	4,454,000	164,948,000
Portugal, ..	88,800	3,530,000	2,231,000	6,598,000
Naples, ..	42,300	7,420,000	3,464,000	20,610,000
Sardinia, ..	28,000	4,300,000	2,680,000	4,124,000
States of the Church, ..	17,000	2,500,000	1,237,000	24,742,000
Tuscany, ..	8,430	1,275,000	701,000	..
Other Italian States ..	4,782	979,000	452,500	248,000

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